

The World

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GANGS AND NIGHT-STICKS.

The night-stick is out in the Eldridge street precinct, and it is good that it is. The spectacle of a detail of policemen standing in double row on the stairs leading from the Paul Kelly Association's rooms and clubbing the roughs singly in turn as they came down was a novel sight to see, and just what its justification was from a strict legal point of view may not be clear.

But that such treatment of young toughs is salutary is not to be denied. The quality of mercy has been too much strained in the case of the east side gangs. Wanting a definite charge on which to take them to the station-house the police have dealt tenderly with them to a degree that has encouraged the defiance of authority out of which the numerous recent street encounters and assassinations have sprung. Every gang member has the making of a murderer in him, and the public safety demands that the opportunities of felonious development be discouraged. That the night-stick can effect.

And is there not to be a better surveillance of the gang member just released from prison? Such would seem to be the moral of the Breen shooting. An ex-convict is then notoriously resolved upon avenging his "wrong" and is in his most dangerous mood.

THE MUTINIOUS PASSENGER.

A "next train" revolt in Brooklyn Friday night at the Eastern Parkway station was participated in by ninety passengers. They refused to leave their train for another not yet due and it was run into the yard. According to Metropolitan precedent the despatcher should then have put out the lights and called for the police; he more wisely referred the question to his superiors, who released the train and ordered it sent on to the terminal. The passengers reached their destination an hour late.

A twelve-month has seen a large number of similar mutinies, not possible a few years ago. There is no disorder about them; the man who makes needless trouble on car or train has no part in them. They are protests of respectable people against what they conceive to be their wrongs at the hands of public utility corporations which they have themselves created. The fight is one for principle.

These revolts are signs of the times in which it is presumed the officials of street car lines must be deeply concerned, because they indicate a changing attitude of the people toward public-service corporations. The passenger has lost so much of his old-time meekness that the question is how far will it go? How soon will there be an irresistible insurrection by the travelling public to secure its full rights in the way of transit facilities?

These lesser revolts may be the first skirmishes in such a revolution.

RAILROAD PRESIDENTS.

There used to be a belief that any man of executive ability would make a good railroad president; after the War of the Rebellion generals from both the Federal and the Confederate armies were especially in demand for such positions.

The new and more sagacious idea is that a man who has come up from the ranks is better fitted to discharge the responsible duties of these high posts. The official slated for the New York, New Haven and Hartford's Presidency, C. S. Mellen, now President of the Northern Pacific, is a man answering these modern requirements. He has risen from a clerkship on the old Fitchburg Railway. The Lackawanna's President, W. H. Truesdale, began his career as an auditor's clerk. The Lake Shore's President was a station agent. The Presidents of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific and the Boston and Maine were clerks. Any number of general managers have begun as brakemen; the Baltimore and Ohio's, the Chicago and Alton's, the "Big Four's." Others have begun as rodmen, like Elliott, of the Burlington lines, and Whitman, of the Chicago and Northwestern.

A railroad president is something more than a captain of industry; his realm is a limited monarchy which he rules subject to the will of the particular Wall street magnate who owns his road. In the case of the New Haven, otherwise "the Consolidated," system, the realm is an extensive one, a railway monopoly of the first rank. Its 2,000 and odd miles of track represent the amalgamation into one harmonious whole of ambitious little roads that were the pride of local New England. The Old Colony line was swallowed up, in course of time the Boston and Providence, the New York and New England and many others. It gives an idea of the fast recent development of railway consolidation to recall that as lately as 1872 a passenger going from here to Boston travelled over three independent lines.

The President of this vast modern system is responsible for the payment of dividends on \$54,000,000 of capital stock. He accounts for receipts of \$40,000,000. He is charged with the safe transportation of 53,000,000 of passengers and 15,000,000 tons of freight. His will is law to thousands of employees, a great army of industry.

He is a king in a way, with power not possessed by some monarchs on thrones. Yet sometimes a black-bulldog yacht lays to in the Sound, a launch puts out from a nearby pier and the monarch comes aboard to receive orders from the magnate. It is master and man again.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

A great ocean steamship line forbids a funeral procession to assemble at its pier because of the apprehended effect on intending passengers of the public knowledge that there is a dead man on board. A popular Broadway playhouse postpones its opening night for a week so that it may begin the season auspiciously on Thursday, the proprietor's lucky day. This in New York in the Nineteenth Century!

But worst of current developments in credulity, made subjects of comment here because of their appearance in the news columns, is the faith put in clairvoyants and fortune tellers by women who count on the ability of such "seers" to tell which way the stock market is going. The Evening World's interesting story of commissions given by get-rich-quick swindlers to these gentry to recommend particular stocks to gullible investors seeking advice revealed the extent to which reliance is put in the predictions of these false prophets.

The woman investor is particularly helpless. She is the prey of the drawing-room confidence man no less than of the unsavory, vicious promoter. But what is to be said of the credulity that leads her to think that the rather dirty person emerging from behind the dingy curtain of a typical "seer's" den can tell her next week's quotations of stocks?

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Boasts of His Skill as a Dancer, but His Untamed Feet Show Him to Be Like McFadden When Learning to Waltz.



THE NOSE AND GRINDSTONE CLUB.

Conducted by
UNCLE PEANUTBRITTLE
(ROY L. MCARDLELL).



TWO CHARTER MEMBERS OF THE CLUB.

It has always been Uncle Peanutbrittle's idea that men to be thoroughly independent should be self-supporting. A man sustains himself by a weak and timorous policy of allowing his wife to support him and then to taunt him about it. Better to support yourself than to be browbeaten by a woman who takes in washing and boarders and always twits you about it. Every husband should have some light and genteel occupation whereby he can make pin money and on which he can depend for support. Many husbands without an accomplishment that may be turned to money have been starved into submission by brutal wives. Learn ballrooming at home, open a singing school for canaries of gentle disposition, teach the newly rich the art of spending money graciously, but, better than all take advantage of the opportunities of the Nose and Grindstone Club's Married Men's Exchange. Bring portable articles to the Exchange, but keep the fact secret from your wife—women are so envious. Here are some bargains: FOR EXCHANGE—Will exchange a lace shawl and a bulldog for yacht; yacht must be in good condition; will take cash. Address X. FOR EXCHANGE—Will exchange my lot in life for one situated near select suburban town; wife in excellent health and fine conversationalist; goes with this offer. TIERED, N. & G. Club. FOR EXCHANGE—A lot of women's clothes, including hats, &c., for cash; articles can be sent at flat; prospective purchaser must act quickly before my wife returns from country; also must agree to come with tools to break in trunks and closet; bring burglar mask to leave behind. WISE WILEY, N. & G. Club. FOR EXCHANGE—A perfectly tame English sparrow in cage; will take Jersey cow, fountain pen and motor bicycle in exchange; quick. X. Y. Z. N. & G. Club. HELP WANTED—Middle-aged man, sinking for third time, would like to be pulled out of water off Coney Island; no triflers need apply. FOR EXCHANGE—A set of false teeth, a false front, a false promise and a false heart for one railroad ticket to Sioux Falls, S. D., with privilege of six months' stop-over. Address DISILLUSIONED, care N. & G. Club.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

No Indigenous Snakes There.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Are there any snakes in Ireland (that is, native of that country)? If there are no snakes there will some Irish reader kindly attempt to explain the scientific reason assigned for their absence?
T. R.

"Trump" Vs. "Bum."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Having had a dispute with some of my friends regarding the difference between a tramp and a bum and as this question hasn't been decided we resolved to leave it to your readers.
M. R.

Dates and Pronunciation.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did Oct. 15, 1878, fall? Also Sept. 16, 1876? How would you pronounce "ennuit"? In what language is it?
B. O. N.

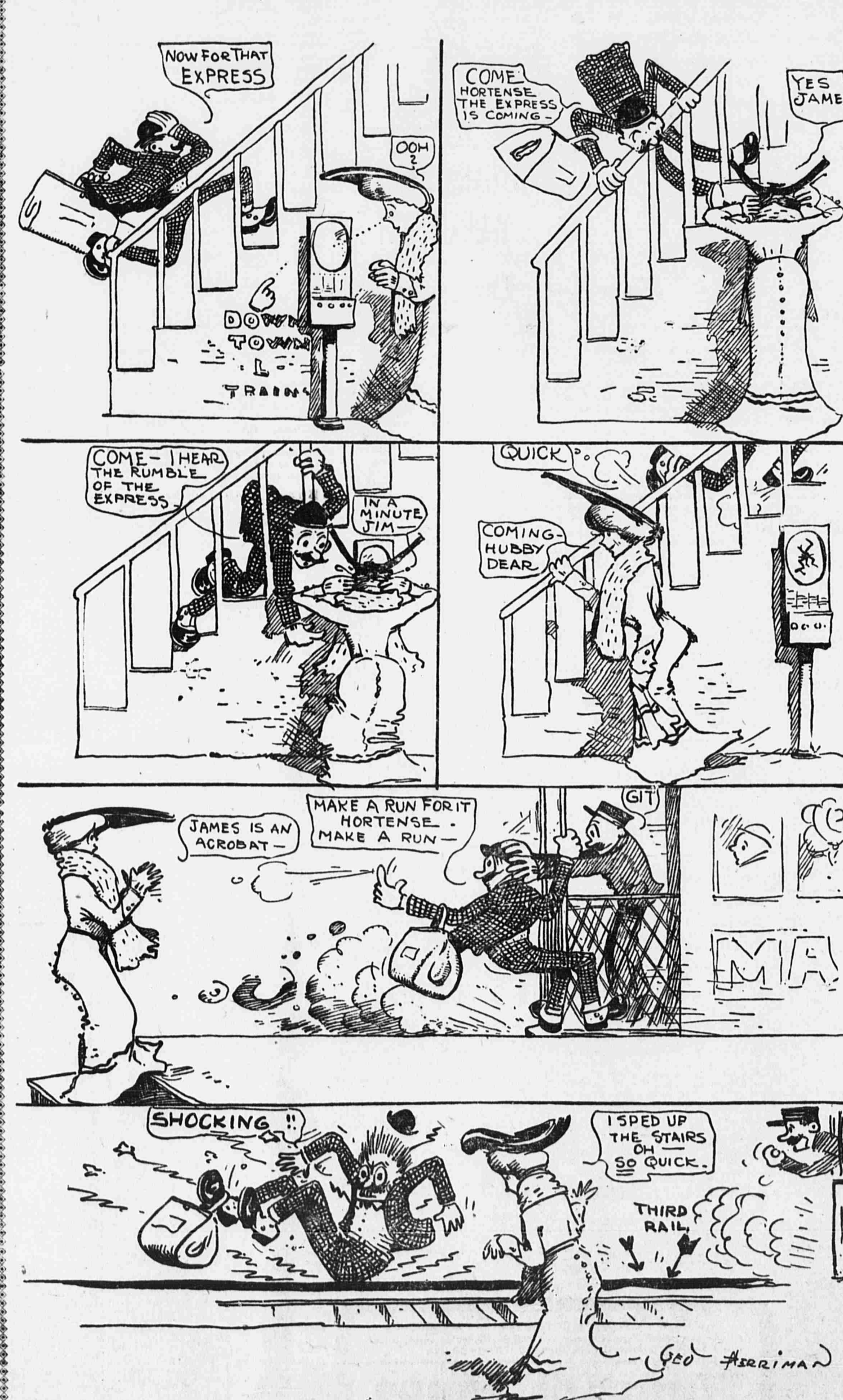
It is a Hoisted Point.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It is proper to say "I sat up" or "I stayed up"?
H. W.

The question whether soup is eaten or drunk has never been definitely settled. The former is the more generally accepted term.

In 1901, No Races Last Year.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
When were the last international yacht races for the America's Cup, &c., &c. to those of 1902? A says there was no yacht race for the "cup" last year. B says there was.
J. H. H.

Mrs. Waitaminnit--the Woman Who Is Always Late.

A Glimpse into a Mirror and What It Did for Mr. Waitaminnit's Train-Catching Passion.



Cutting a Figure In Swell Society.

"I SEE they scratched a guest at a society function up in Bar Harbor and uncovered a waiter," remarked the Cigar Store Man.

"It wasn't the first performance of that kind," said the Man Higher Up. "Every once in a while a waiter with gall and a French accent gets introduced into society. They all make a front, too, until some man or woman who has seen them slinging hash or wearing livery gets hep."

"A good wise servant who has played engagements in millionaires' houses has no difficulty in doing the proper stunts if he gets in under cover. Most of them are cleverer than the Willie boys with the pazz who cruise around the swell functions. The average steady attendant at cotillions and receptions is about as interesting in conversation as a man with hay fever."

Being born with money and a social drag, the society youth never learns anything. He goes to college, but he don't try to accumulate the blue chips in learning. When he gets out he has a life of loafing ahead of him. "He don't know anybody but men in his own set, he never sees anything, and he can't talk about anything but what he sees. To hear three or four of them get together in a highball session and use language would make you think they were persons taking a vacation from a foolish house. If a society man gets injected with enough ambition dope to make him go to work he drops the society thing."

"That is the reason why a smooth waiter or butler with an education absorbed by contact with the world can make a hit in society. He is different. He can talk two or three languages in a way that shows that he didn't learn them from a correspondence school, and he takes an interest in what is going on. He is wise enough to pay attention to the women, and this makes him as solid as a man in a cross seat on an "L" train. The way society men treat their women reminds me of the way Indians treat their squaws."

"The men servants in the houses of the rich and socially prominent are in a class by themselves. Most of them are solid in their jobs for life. They have a way of knowing things and hearing things and remembering things that puts the people they are working for in a trance. If you should happen to fall across a bunch of them trading experiences and scandal in a saloon you would be likely to wonder if they weren't rehearsing 'Boccaccio' up to date."

"Another thing that makes it easy for a waiter or butler to make good in society after he has sneaked in under the canvas is the guilelessness of the society women. What they don't know about the world in general couldn't be written down. From girlhood they train with the same limited set, and although their natural intuition helps them they are away shy when it comes to self-protection from strangers. Of course, there are exceptions, but these exceptions are generally so far ahead of the general run in wisdom that the others are afraid of them."

"Once upon a time I was a guest at an execution in Sing Sing. After the condemned man had been officially roasted in the electric chair the warden kindly invited us in to breakfast. Most of the guests declined, but I was hungry. The table was attended to by a former butler in a swell New York house who was spending a vacation in the college of stripes for swiping the family jewels."

"There was no more the appearance of a convict about him than there is about a man who never saw the inside of a jail. He was boss of the whole work. If he has been released I'll gamble that he's working for some swell family, and if he ever gets a chance to butt into society through the scenery entrance he'll be the drum major in the band until somebody who has seen him before remembers his mug."

"It must take a lot of nerve," suggested the Cigar Store Man.

"A man don't have to carry a deckload of nerve to take a chance on a sure thing," answered the Man Higher Up.

A Chance Greeting.

Jerome:
"What sayeth Seth to a highball And a Turkish cigarette In yonder grill of the Merry Still, Where no killjoy comes to fret?"

Low:
"Forsooth, Willie T., the same it shall be. For such friends as we are not many, So we'll hoist in a few of the smoky Scotch brew And match the municipal penny."

LIGHT BED CLOTHING.

Don't sleep under too many bed clothes," cautions a physician. "It is unhygienic to have too much covering, as it keeps in the impurities of the body. Try to do with little bed clothing, and see if you do not sleep better."

TIRED EYES.

The eyes should never be used when they are tired or weak from illness, or should they be exposed to a strong light at any time. The light should always fall on the work or book from over the left shoulder.

PETROLEUM AND COAL.

The question of the comparative economy of petroleum and coal as fuel is one of locality. In New Orleans, San Francisco and Texas the saving in cost with oil is 72 per cent. In New York coal is 90 per cent. cheaper than oil.

THE KAISER'S SUBJECTS.

The latest statistical estimates for the German Empire place the population at 68,649,000. From these figures it appears that the population has increased 1.46 per cent. in the last year.